

GOLD

THE JETSONS

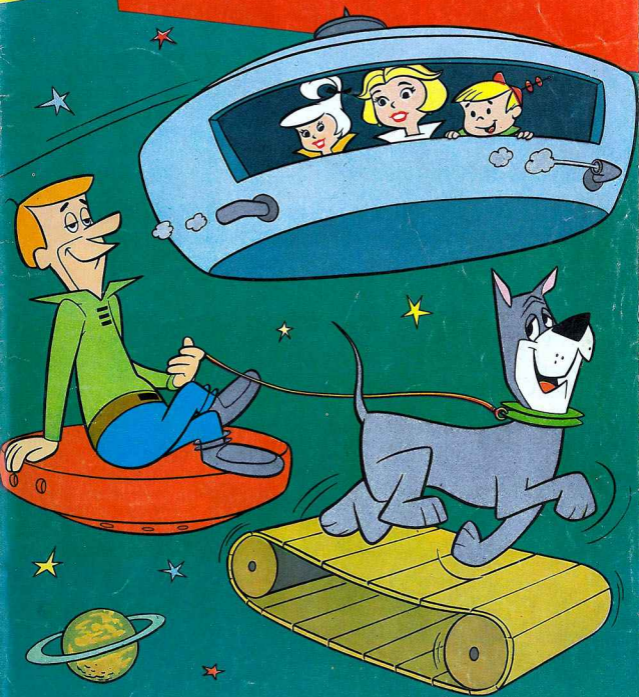
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JULY

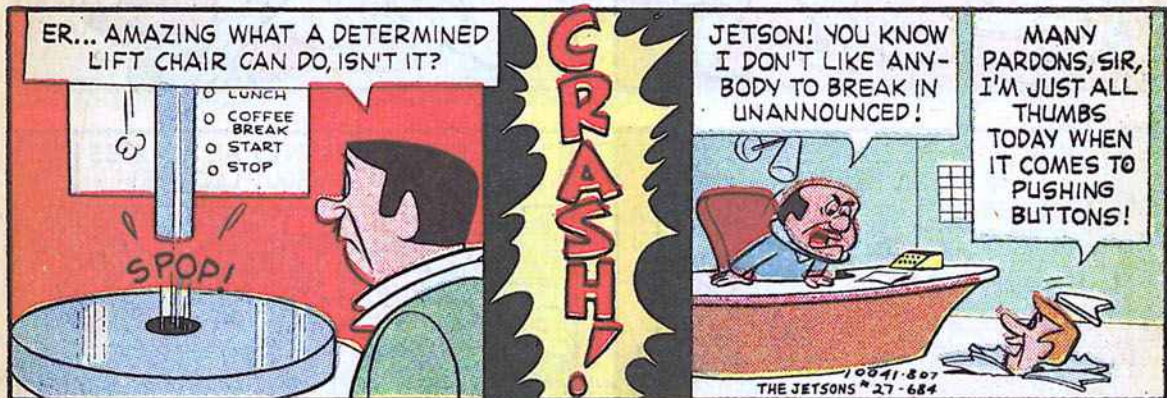
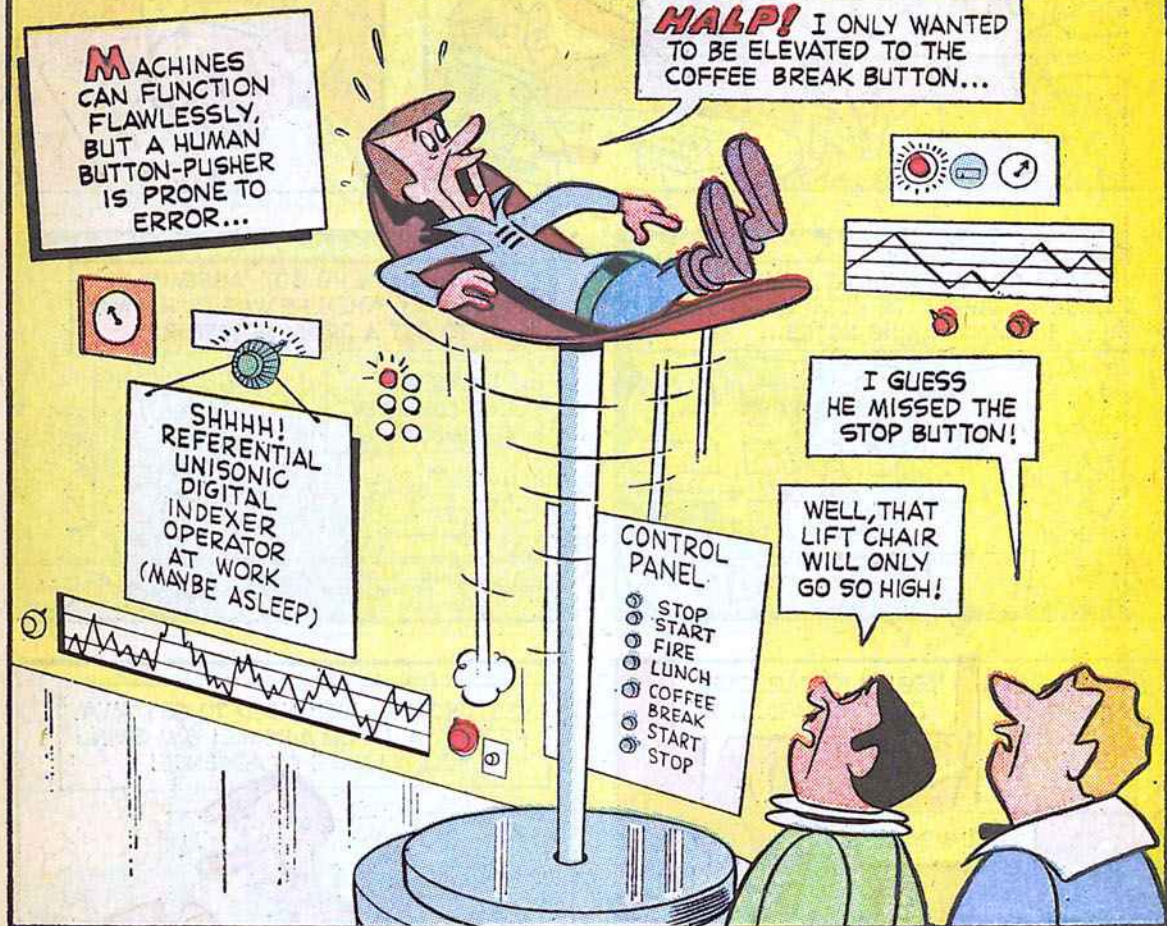
The JETSONS



by HANNA-BARBERA

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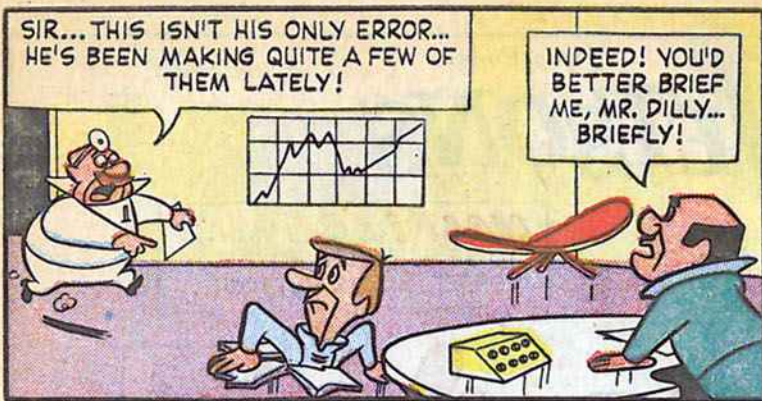
Hanna-Barbera
The JETSONS



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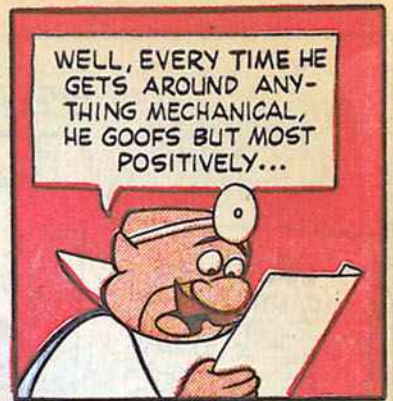


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SIR... THIS ISN'T HIS ONLY ERROR... HE'S BEEN MAKING QUITE A FEW OF THEM LATELY!

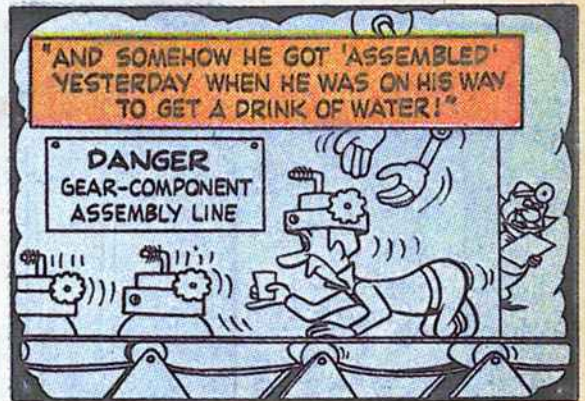
INDEED! YOU'D BETTER BRIEF ME, MR. DILLY... BRIEFLY!



WELL, EVERY TIME HE GETS AROUND ANYTHING MECHANICAL, HE GOOFS BUT MOST POSITIVELY...



"HE GETS SO MIXED UP AT LUNCH THAT I LOSE MY APPETITE JUST WATCHING HIM AND TAKING NOTES..."



"AND SOMEHOW HE GOT 'ASSEMBLED' YESTERDAY WHEN HE WAS ON HIS WAY TO GET A DRINK OF WATER!"

DANGER
GEAR-COMPONENT
ASSEMBLY LINE



I COULD RAVE ON, BUT I THINK YOU GET THE PICTURE, SIR!

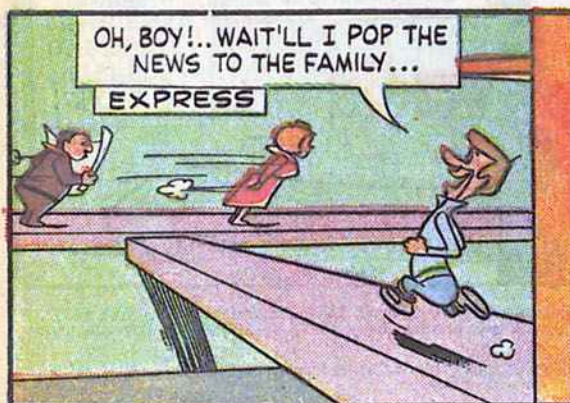
YES! A CLEAR CASE OF AUTOMATIC-ITUS!

Y-YOU MEAN...?



YES, GEORGE... YOU NEED TO GET AWAY FROM IT ALL FOR A WHILE! I'M GIVING YOU A LEAVE OF ABSENCE!

W-WOW!



OH, BOY!... WAIT'LL I POP THE NEWS TO THE FAMILY...

EXPRESS



HEY... DON'T GLIDE INTO AN EXPRESS SLIDEWALK WITHOUT LOOKING!

EXPRESS

BUMP! OW!





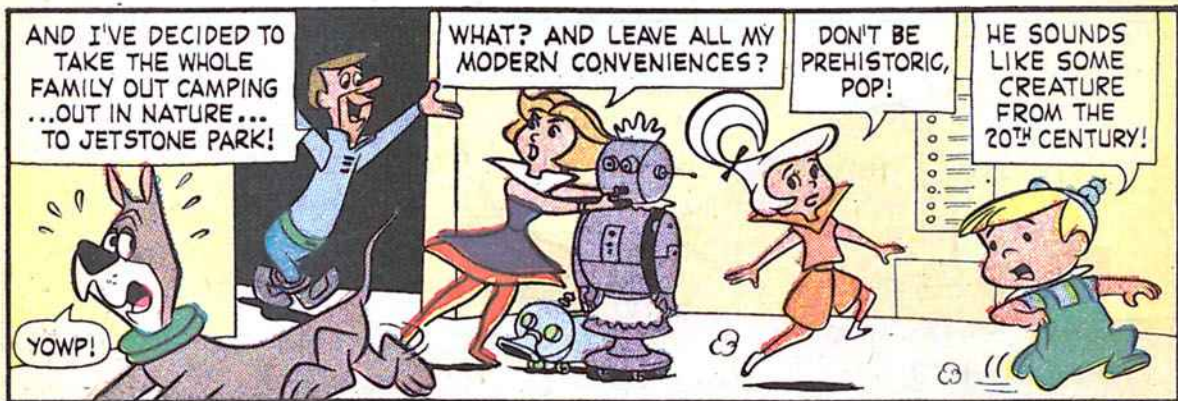
GEORGE! YOU'VE GOT TO WATCH YOUR STEP IN THOSE VACUUM TUBES!

POOR DADDY!

ER... HOW CAN HE LOOK SO HAPPY IN THAT POSITION?



GUESS WHAT? MY BOSS GAVE ME A LEAVE OF ABSENCE SO I COULD GET AWAY FROM IT ALL!



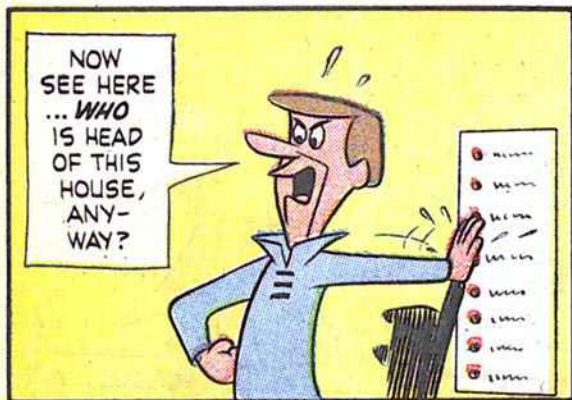
AND I'VE DECIDED TO TAKE THE WHOLE FAMILY OUT CAMPING ...OUT IN NATURE... TO JETSTONE PARK!

WHAT? AND LEAVE ALL MY MODERN CONVENIENCES?

DON'T BE PREHISTORIC, POP!

HE SOUNDS LIKE SOME CREATURE FROM THE 20TH CENTURY!

YOWP!



NOW SEE HERE ... WHO IS HEAD OF THIS HOUSE, ANYWAY?



YOU ARE, DEAR!

VAROOM!



WE WERE JUST KIDDING, DEAR!

ACTUALLY, WE JUST WATCHED A TRAVELOG FILM OF JETSTONE PARK ON TV, AND WE THINK IT'S GRAND!

WE'RE JUST ITCHING TO GO!

YAHOO! I'LL GO RENT A SPACE TRAILER!

WURF!

AND
SHORTLY...

HUH? JETSTONE PARK
HAS A GLASS DOME
OVER IT?!

BUT OF COURSE, DEAR
...IT'S COMPLETELY
AIR CONDITIONED!

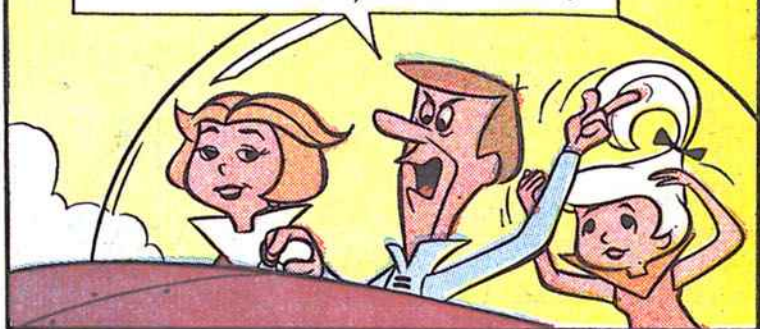
KEEPS THE MOSQUITOES
OUT, TOO!



WELL, I SUPPOSE IT'LL BE
OKAY TO HAVE THAT ONE
LITTLE MODERN ELEMENT
HERE... PURE AIR!



BUT IF I FEEL LIKE I WANT TO HEAR THE
HUM OF A MOSQUITO, I'LL LET ONE IN!



COME ON... I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO SEE WHAT
GEYSERS AND WATERFALLS LOOK LIKE!



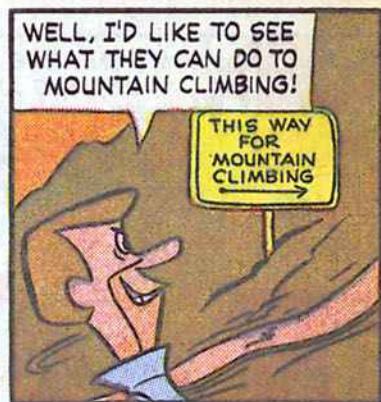
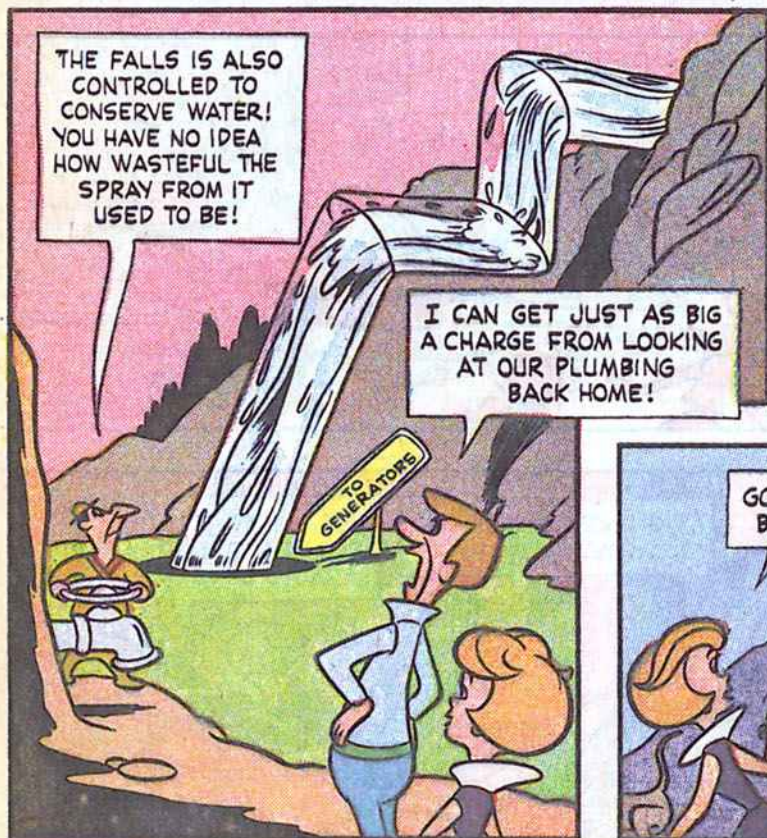
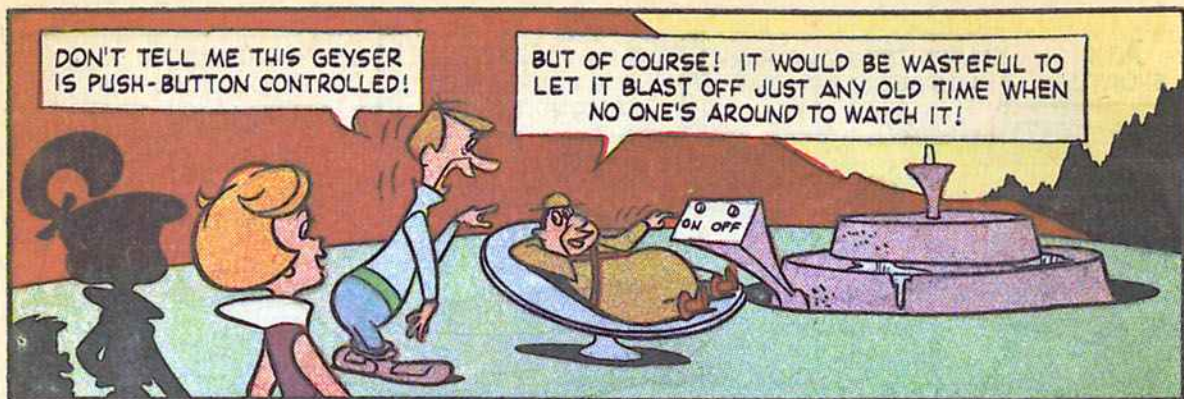
OH, NO... LOOK
AT THE TRAIL!

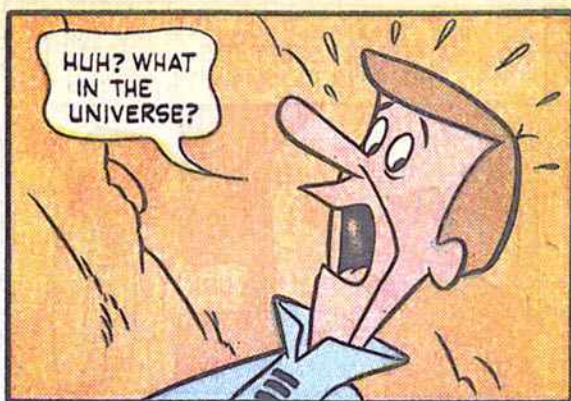
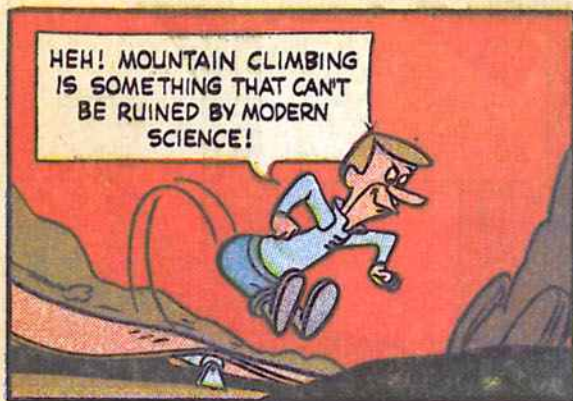


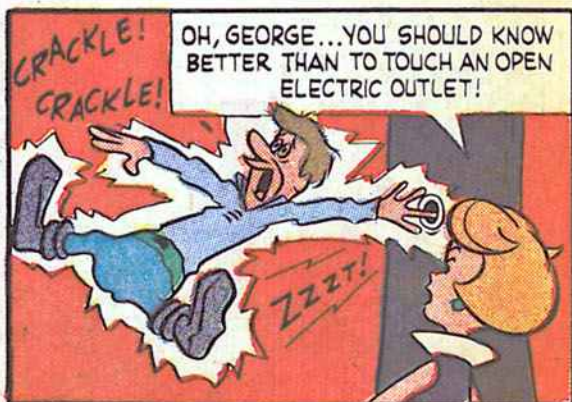
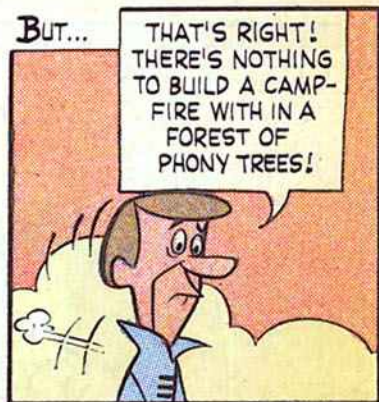
IT'S LIKE A SLIDEWALK
... ONLY BUMPY!

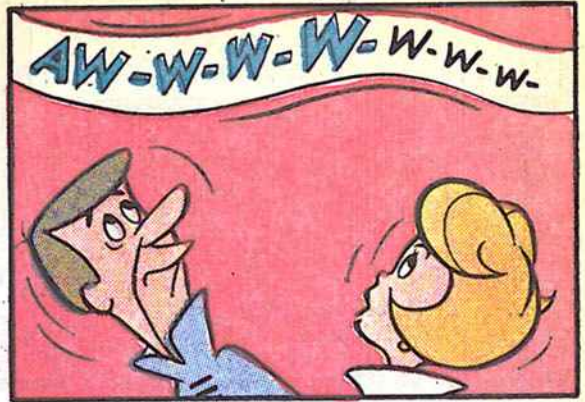
YES... ISN'T IT NICE?
THE PARK OWNERS ARE
QUITE UP TO DATE!

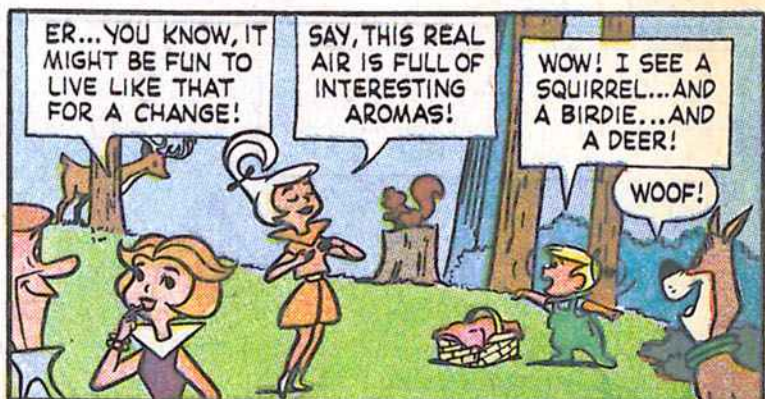






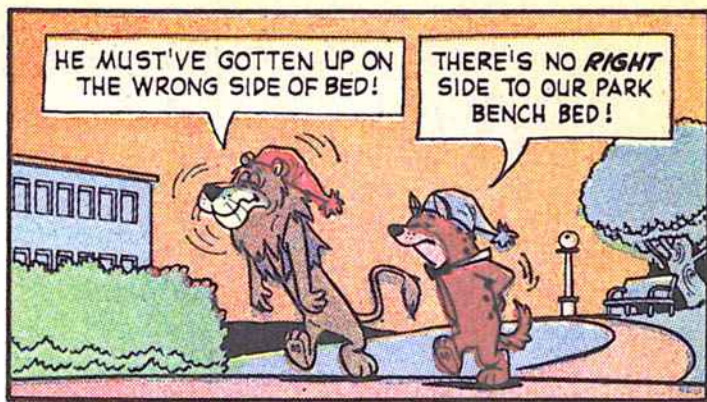


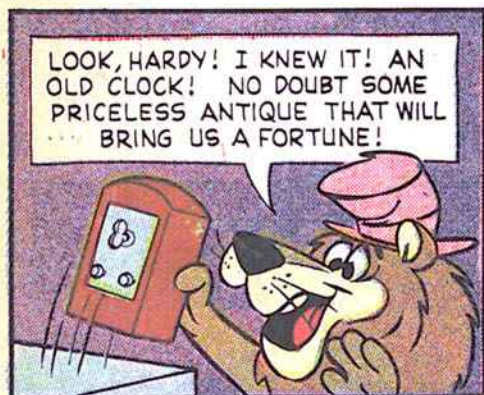
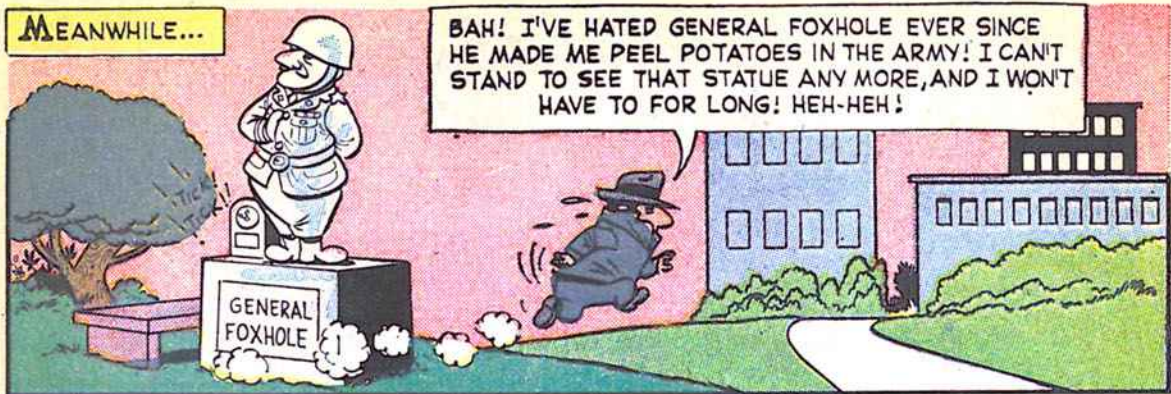




Hanna-Barbera Lippy Lion and Hardy Har Har
PARKS ARE FOR THE BIRDS









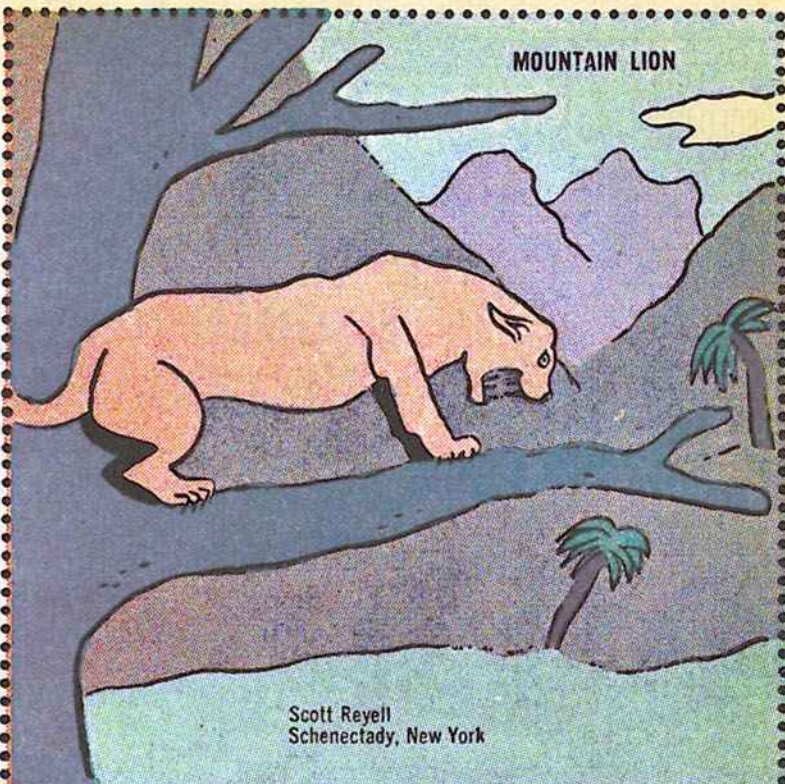


Reader's Page

ANIMALS

Our readers (that's you) are proving every day what talented artists they are. Here's a pageful of drawings you sent. Keep them coming! For best reproduction, draw in black ink on white paper. Mail to the address below.

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MOUNTAIN LION

Scott Reyell
Schenectady, New York



KANGAROO

Frank Horton
Cincinnati, Ohio



KITTEN

Michael Kazmer
Detroit, Michigan



GIRAFFE

David Lanning
Dalton, Georgia

Send each drawing, joke or other contribution on a separate sheet of paper • No payments are made for club contributions and no contributions can be returned. Letters cannot be answered individually • Watch club pages every month for replies, your drawings, jokes, written ideas and your name in print.

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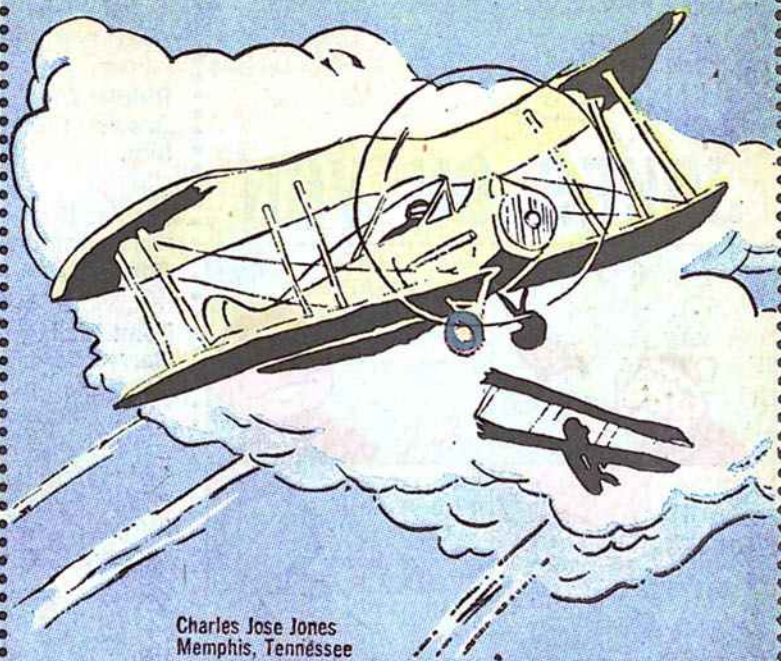


Reader's Page AIRPLANES

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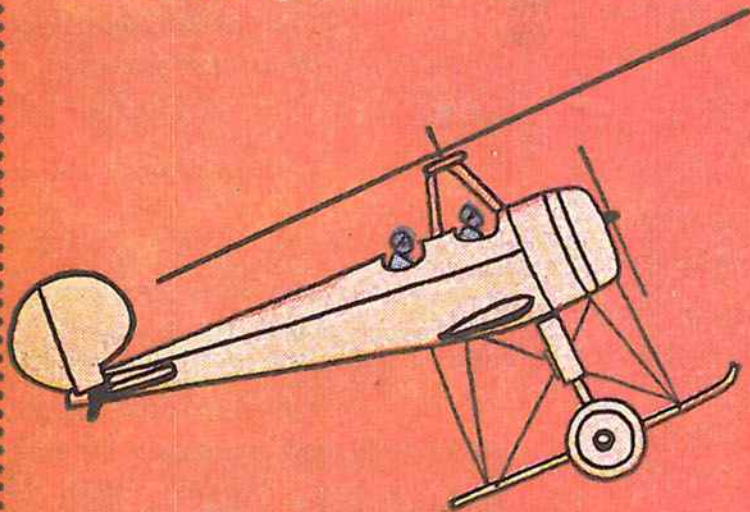
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WORLD WAR I FIGHTERS



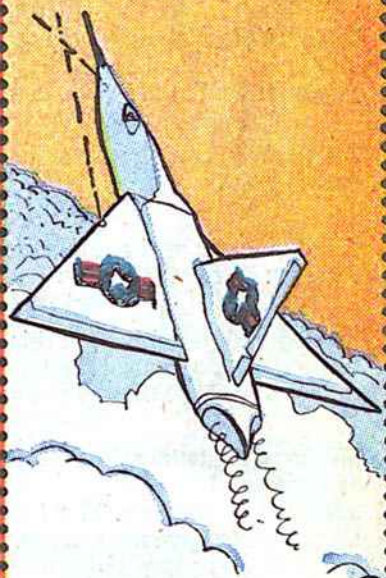
Charles Jose Jones
Memphis, Tennessee

CIERVA'S AUTOGIRO



Frank Macintosh
Palatine, Illinois

F-102 CONSOLIDATED VULTEE



Dennis Regan
Wisconsin Rapids, Wisconsin

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JOKES ON YOU



Riddle: What is the difference between a running man and a running dog?

Answer: The man wears trousers and the dog pants.
Patrick Bragg—Chicago, Illinois

Duane: Where should a dressmaker make her shop?

Marlene: On the outskirts of the city.
Scott Hannah—Troy, Ohio

Riddle: Why can't a bike stand up by itself?

Answer: Because it's two-tired!
Terry Deal—Airville, Pennsylvania

Riddle: Why does the rain pour down in sheets?

Answer: To cover the river bed.
Ricky Largin—Birmingham, Alabama

Customer: When I bought this cat you told me he was good for mice. He doesn't go near them.

Clerk: Well, isn't that good for mice?
Vincent Maiello—Bronx, New York

Mother: What does that zero on your report card mean?

Son: That's no zero. The teacher ran out of stars, so she gave me a moon.
Sandra L. Kay—Parkersburg, West Virginia

Riddle: What day of the year is a command to go forward?

Answer: March fourth.
Pamela Middleton—Albany, New York

Man: I'd like a round-trip ticket to the moon.
Ticket Seller: Sorry, sir, the moon's full right now.

Dominic Fulco III—East Hartford, Connecticut

Riddle: Why is the rooster always so neat?

Answer: Because he always has his comb with him.

Karen Staszny—Union Grove, Wisconsin

Riddle: If a carrot and cabbage had a race, which would win?

Answer: The cabbage, because it's a head.
Jean Hourihan—Uxbridge, Massachusetts

Tom: I fell out of a ten-foot tree today.

Harry: Were you hurt?

Tom: No, I just fell three feet.
Gwen Bryant—Aliceville, Alabama

Lady (standing in the middle of a busy street): Officer, can you tell me how to get to the hospital?

Officer: Just stand where you are.
James D. Rickard—Florence, Alabama

Riddle: During what month do people talk the least?

Answer: February — the shortest month of the year.

Jody Knoell—Lewellen, Nebraska

Riddle: What is a wisecracker?

Answer: A smart cookie.
Linda Caspary—Fremont, California

Riddle: Why is a policeman the the strongest man in the world?

Answer: Because he can hold up cars with one hand.

Cathy Rose—Oakland, California

Riddle: Why is a cookbook exciting?

Answer: It has some stirring pages.
Gerald Romanzin—Calgary, Alberta, Canada

Judge: Have you ever been up before me?

Prisoner: I don't know. What time do you get up?

Jerry Prock—Wiburton, Oklahoma

Riddle: Why did the farmer feed his cow money?

Answer: To have rich milk.
Roberta Greenwell—Clearlake Highlands, California

Riddle: What did the beaver say to the tree?

Answer: It was nice gnawing you.
Ricky Fleehart—Bellevue, Washington

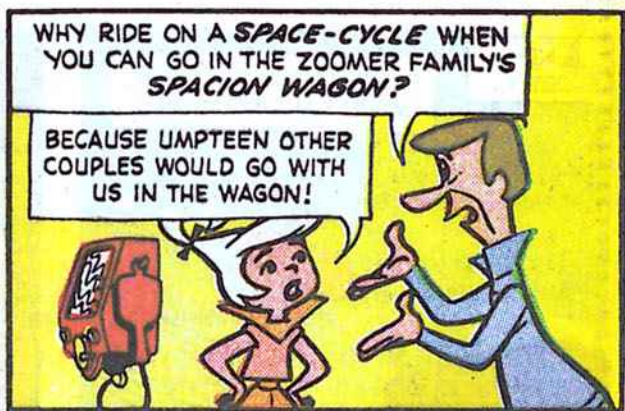
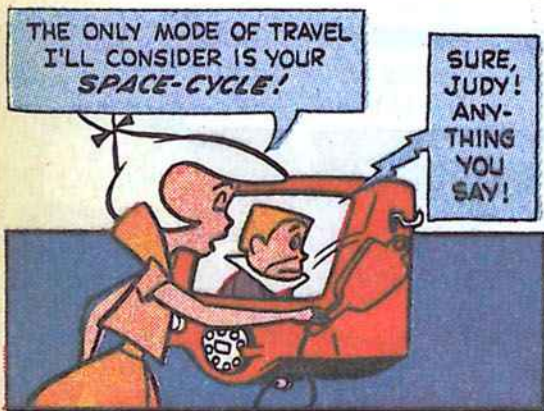
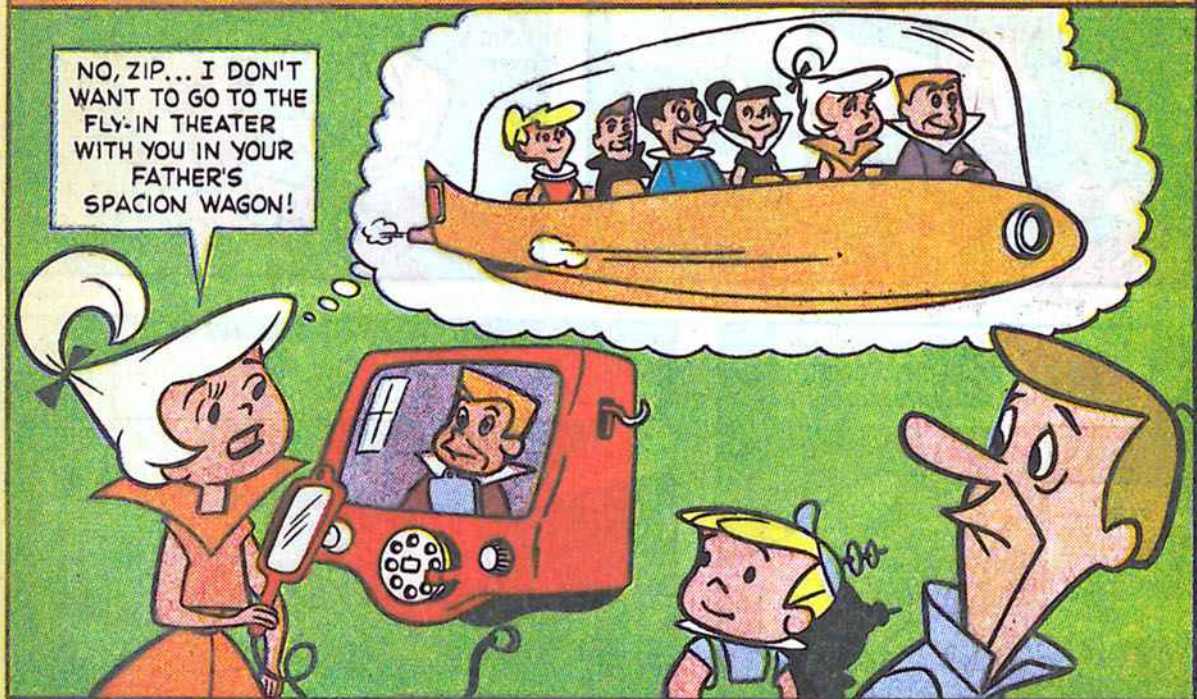
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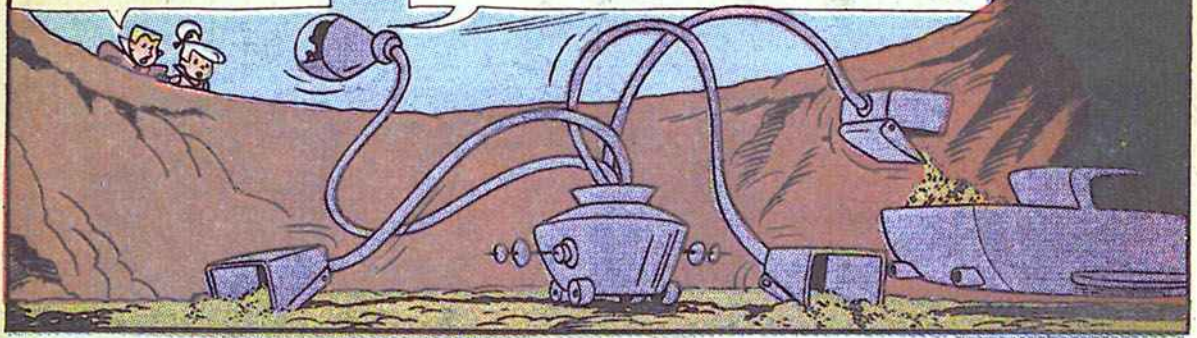
LONELY FOR HER ONE AND ONLY





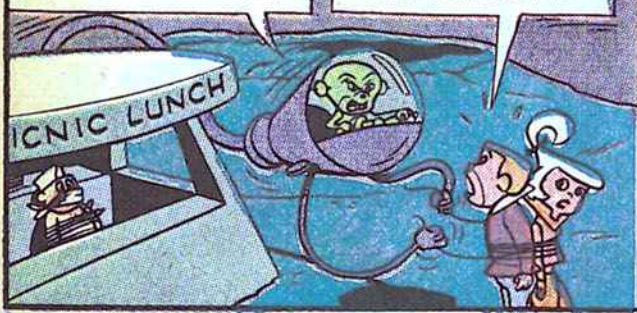
HEY! IT'S AGAINST THE LAW TO DIG ON THE MOON!

AGAINST *EARTH'S* LAWS... BUT WE SPACIANS MINE MOON DUST WHEREVER WE PLEASE!



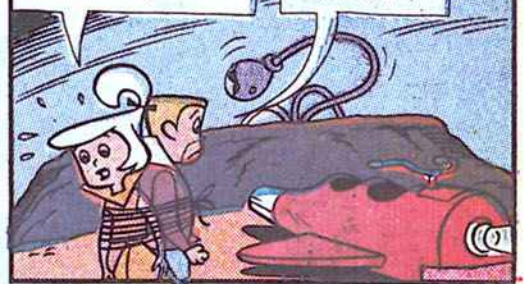
AND I'LL STAND FOR NO ONE SQUEALING TO THE SPACE PATROL!

CRIME DOESN'T PAY... YOU'LL FIND THAT OUT SOME DAY!



(GROAN!) WE'RE ALONE TOGETHER NOW AND I THINK IT'S JUST *AWFUL!*

UGH! WE'RE TIED UP FOR KEEPS, I'M AFRAID!



IS THE MOVIE GOING TO START SOON?

WHY, IT'S ELROY! HE STOWED AWAY IN THE GLOVE COMPARTMENT!



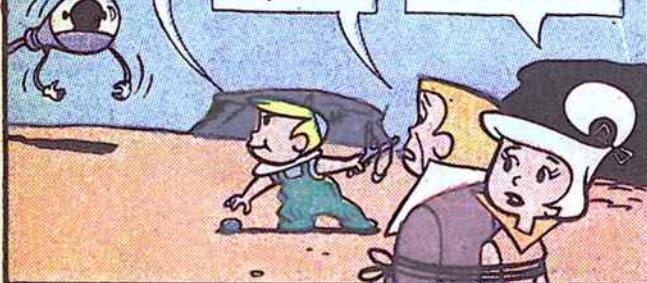
AHAR! ANOTHER EARTHLING...



WHO'S AFRAID OF A BIG, BAD BULLY?

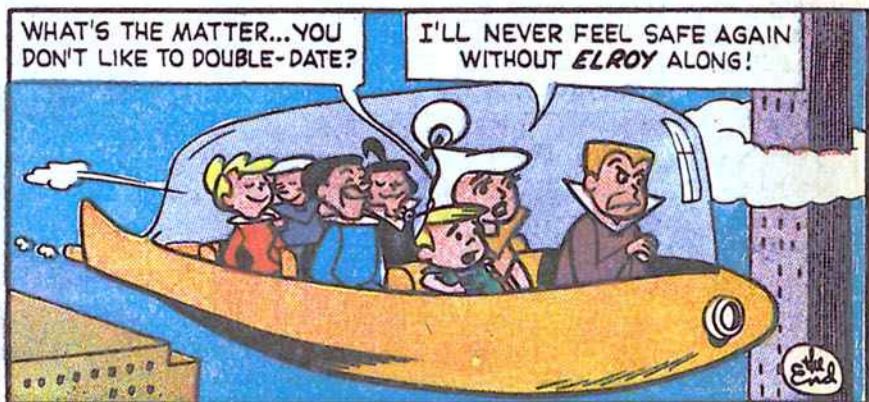
PUT DOWN THAT ANTIQUE TOY, ELROY!

YOU CAN'T WIN AGAINST A FOE LIKE THAT SPACIAN...

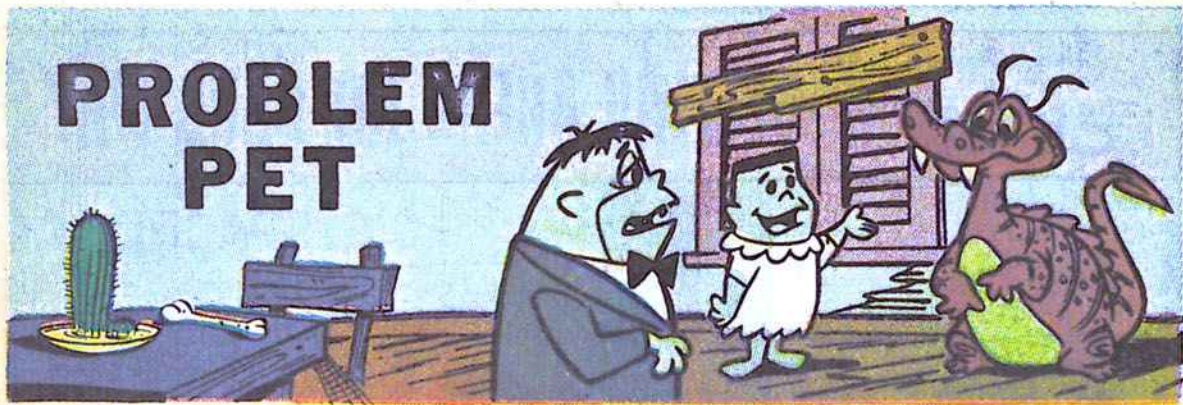


SEZ WHO?





PROBLEM PET



It was a typical afternoon at 1313 Skeleton Road, the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. Evil Scientist. Mr. J. Evil was chuckling as he read his latest copy of "Poisons and Tropical Diseases" magazine. His dear wife, Goonda, was finishing the third arm on a sweater she was knitting to send to her cousin.

Suddenly, Junior entered through the big wooden front door. His parents did not look up from what they were doing.

"Er... Hi, folks. I brought somebody home with me," stammered Junior nervously.

"That's nice, dear. Take him upstairs and show him your toy guillotine," said Goonda.

"Yes, and don't let him fly away with it like Danny Dracula did," added J. Evil.

"Er... he's not a playmate. He's a dog. Can I keep him? Huh? Can I?" Junior bawled.

"A dog!" both parents shouted in unison, as they turned to stare at a small shaggy pup standing in the doorway beside their son. He didn't stand there long. One look at Mr. and Mrs. J. Evil Scientist when they are angry is enough to send armies scurrying, not to mention one small puppy.

"Awww, gee whiz! Now you scared him off," sighed Junior.

J. Evil stood up. It was lecture time.

"Good! You know you are not to bring dogs home. They sniff around and break things in my laboratory. No more dogs. That's final!"

"But, Pop, can't I have any kind of pet?"

"No! Cats are out. They make your mother nervous ever since her sister tried to turn her into one. Birds are out. They make the place too cheerful and that's awful. Horses eat too much. Goldfish..."

"Never mind," interrupted Junior, walking out of the room. "You'd have an argument against any pet I'd bring home."

As Junior left, his mother felt that they had been a little harsh, and she decided to make him some toadstool cookies.

Junior was alone in his mother's powder room... where she kept her bat wing powder, buzzard bone powder, all her other powders, and the big black cauldron to mix them in. As he was wiping a tear from his eye, he suddenly spotted a black book on the shelf. "How to Conjure up a Dragon" was its title.

"Yippee! That's it!" cheered Junior.

A few minutes later, Junior again entered the living room, calling behind him, "Here, Rover. Come on, Rover."

His father exploded, "Not another dog?"

"Oh, no, Pop. A dragon," said Junior with pride. "You didn't say I couldn't have a dragon, so I conjured this one up myself!"

After his parents awoke from fainting, J. Evil walked over to his son, rolling up his sleeve as he walked.

"I'm going to give you a good spanking. I told you not to play with Mommy's magic."

But, as J. Evil got close to Junior, the dragon let out an angry snort of flame at Junior's dear old dad.

J. Evil rolled down his sleeve. He had been around long enough to know better than to argue with a dragon.

"Isn't that cute, Pop? He protects me." Junior laughed gleefully.

"Yeah. Heh, heh... cute," said J. Evil, forcing a smile. "He can stay for a while."

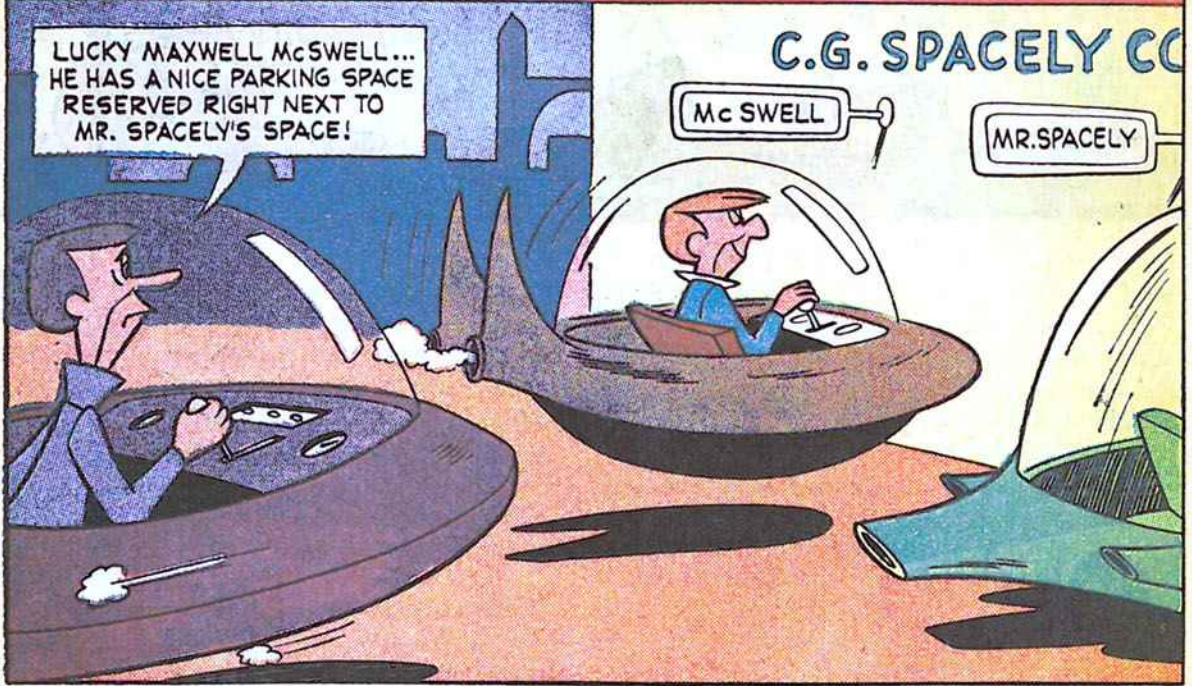
So, Junior has a pet. All day they play happily, with Rover fetching cars, burying and digging up houses... cute dragon tricks.

And as he grows bigger every day, the question is no longer whether Junior's parents will let Rover stay at 1313 Skeleton Road, but if Rover will let them stay.

Hanna-Barbera

The JETSONS

GETTING AHEAD THE HARD WAY

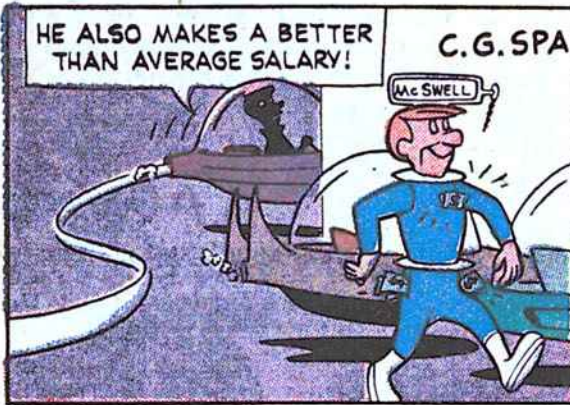


LUCKY MAXWELL McSWELL... HE HAS A NICE PARKING SPACE RESERVED RIGHT NEXT TO MR. SPACELY'S SPACE!

C.G. SPACELY CO

Mc SWELL

MR.SPACELY



HE ALSO MAKES A BETTER THAN AVERAGE SALARY!

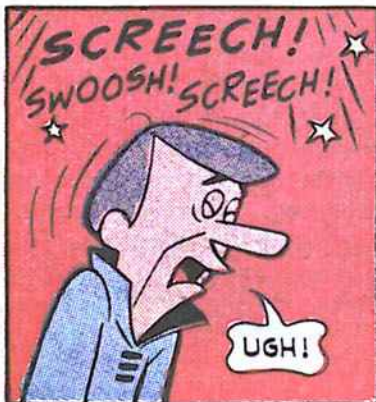
C.G. SPA

Mc SWELL



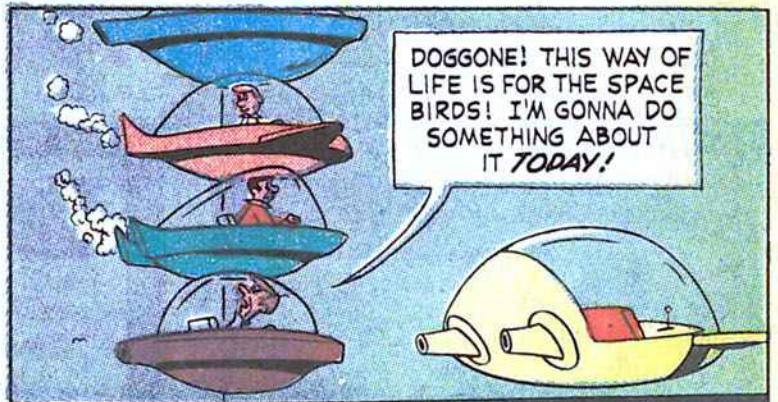
ME...I'VE GOT TO SUFFER ALONG WITH AN ORDINARY SALARY...PLUS MULTILEVEL PARKING...

FREE-FOR-ALL

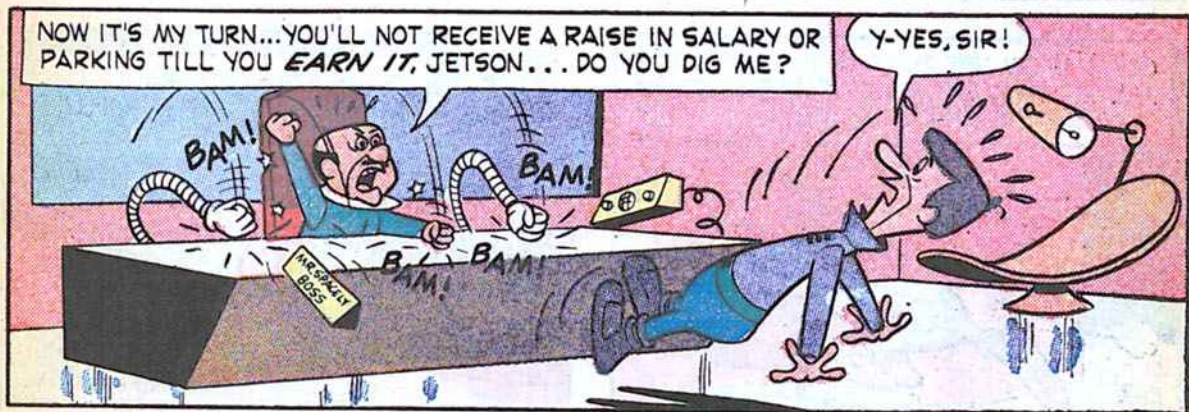
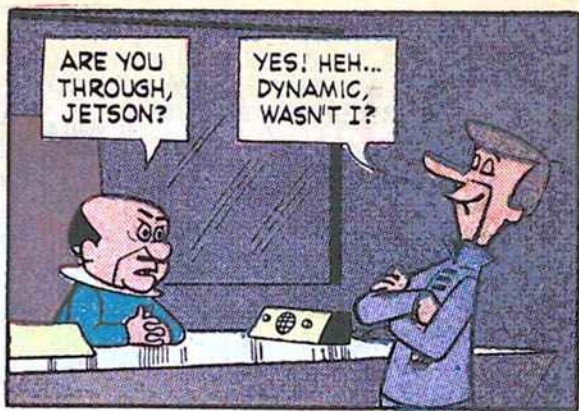


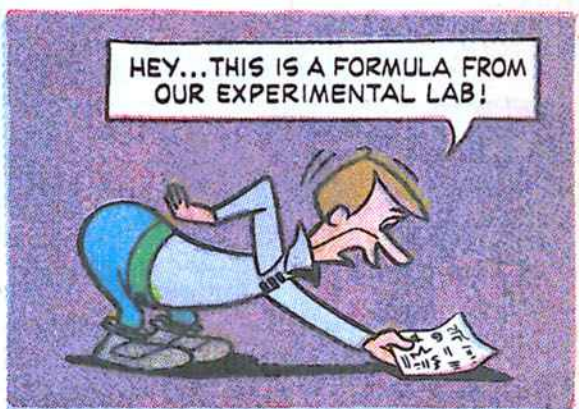
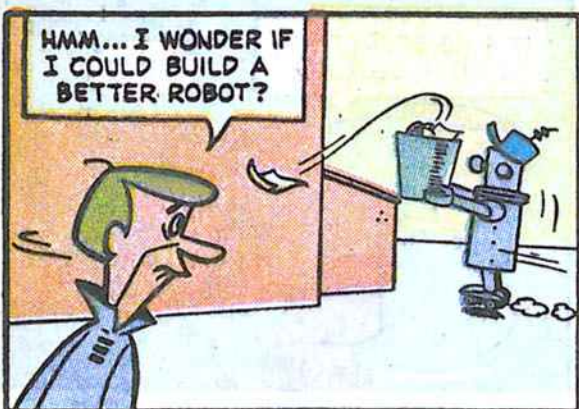
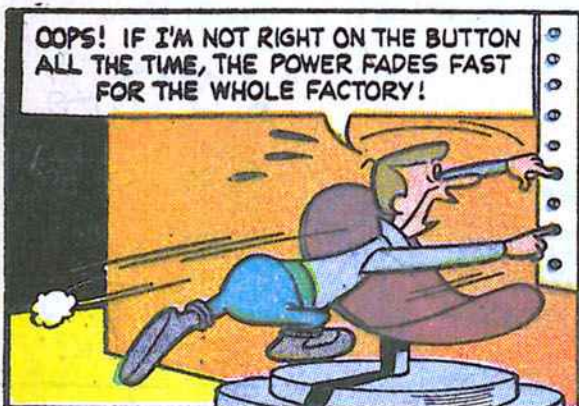
SCREECH!
SWOOSH! SCREECH!

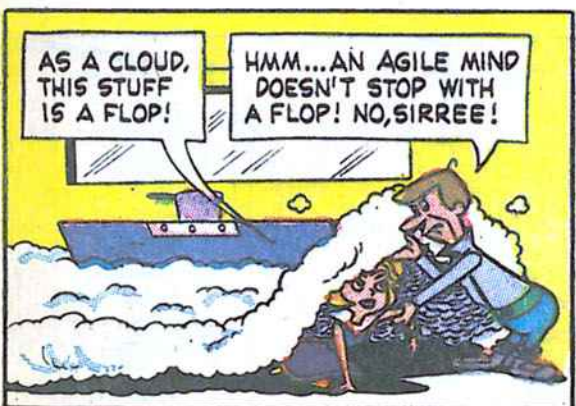
UGH!

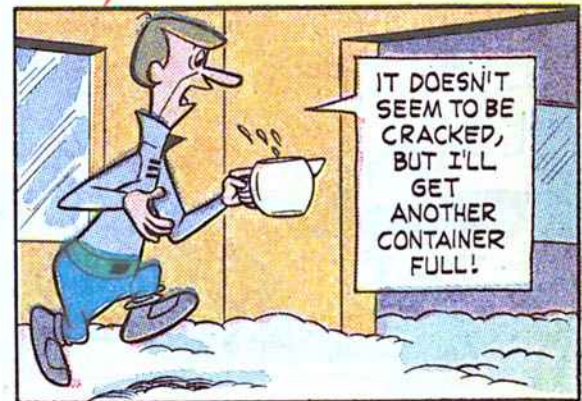
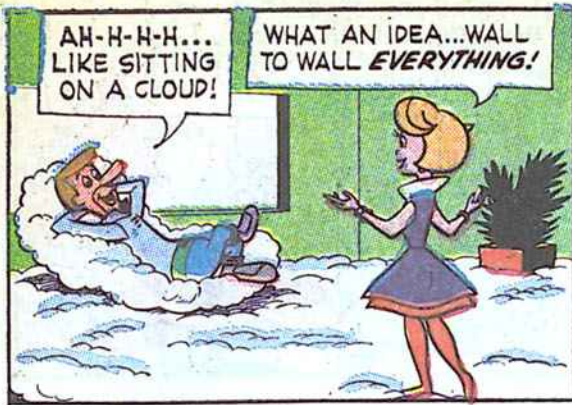


DOGGONE! THIS WAY OF LIFE IS FOR THE SPACE BIRDS! I'M GONNA DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT *TODAY!*











DEAR ME... MY POOR MARTIAN PALM NEEDS A DRINK, TOO!



ER... WH-WHAT'S GOING ON?



BAW-W! I JUST DOVE INTO THE BATHTUB, BUT THE WATER DISAPPEARED!

SOMETHING VERY STRANGE IS GOING ON HERE!



HEY... SOMEBODY BRING ME A DRINK... QUICK!



HURRY... THIS BASIN-FULL ISN'T LASTING, EITHER! GOING... GOING...



OW! GONE!

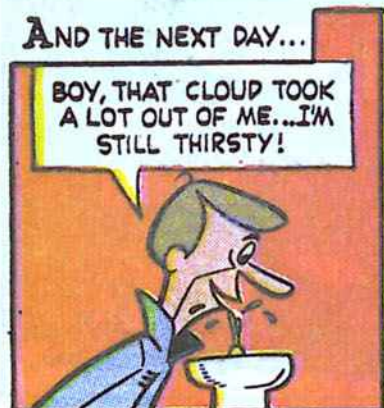
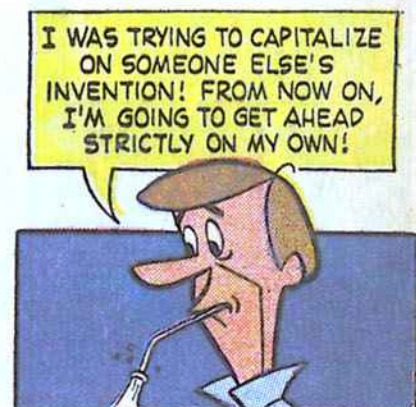
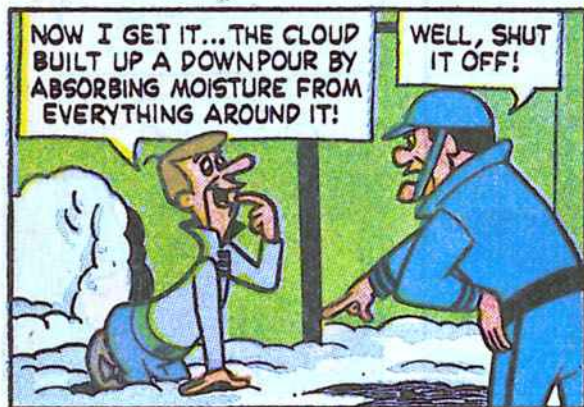


HEY! WHAT ARE YOU PEOPLE DOING 'IN THERE?

TH-THIRSTING TO PIECES!

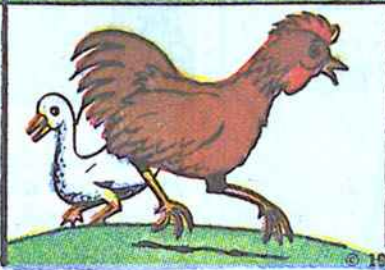
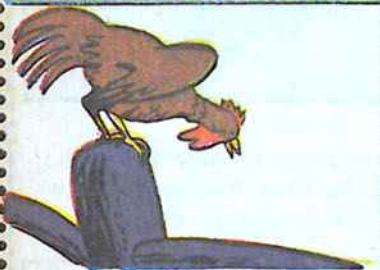
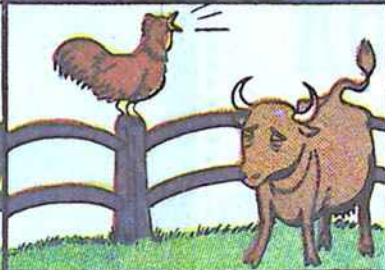
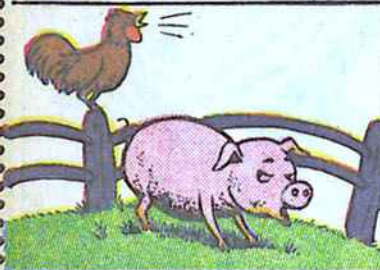
W-WATER!

BUST THE DOOR DOWN! HELP!





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DINOSAURIA

IGUANODON



Loping across the European continent of a hundred million years ago, the iguanodon was a harmless plant-eating dinosaur, despite its stern appearance. Standing about eighteen feet high and measuring over thirty feet long, it advanced with hops on its powerful hindlegs, although it could move on all fours. The iguanodon's strong, long tail could serve as a lashing weapon, or a counterbalance as it made a short gallop on its hindlegs. Its name means "iguana tooth" as its teeth resemble those of a giant iguana.



Living mainly on twigs of pine trees, the iguanodon used its long tongue to draw down its food, much as a giraffe does.



The iguanodon's small forelegs had five digits, with the thumb shaped into a sharp spine it could use for defending itself.